

Legend of Ash Creek

The urban legend that tells of a bridge, that if crossed,
will summon the spirits of its victims
to attack unwitting travelers.

Troy and John drove to the unmarked grave,
Of their friend Paul whom they were unable to save.

20 years ago their friendship dissolved,
They reminisce about the problem they caused:

..The year was 1983 and the friends had gone for some beer,
But the car lost control when Paul tried to avoid hitting a deer.

Troy and John escaped before the car careened off the bridge,
But Paul was trapped and fell from the ridge.

The car hit the ground and burst into flames,
Troy and John looked on crestfallen, filled with sorrow and pain.

They hear some groans coming from below,
They called Paul's name, for his status they did not know.

Troy and John agreed there was no way to help Paul,
They were sure his chance of survival was none after that fall.

Traumatized, they fled the scene and went their separate way,
Keeping their dark secret forever and a day.

That is until the year was 2003 and their high-school class reunited.
Troy and John got along and agreed their decision was short sighted.

What happened long ago was in the past and this is where it should stay.
So that night the friends made their amends and traveled out of their way..

Back in the present with a chill in the air,
Troy and John stood on the Ash Creek Bridge unaware.

For this was a night they would not soon forget,
When their memories are replaced with deep regret.

As soon as their presence arrived at the creek,
Something dark and sinister started to seek.

A gust of wind, then a rustle of leaves.
The change of atmosphere stopped the friends as they continued to grieve.

A racoon scurried across their path,
As shadows started to grow and hinted of brewing wrath.

A howl of a wolf, the hoot of an owl.
The friends looked at each other and threw in the towel.

They got the closure they were after,
But when they found the car dead they viewed the trip a disaster.

No cell reception and help was too far to walk.
So they made the most of it and got in the car to talk.

The rain came down and thunder boomed,
A harbinger of impending doom.

Shorty followed by a burst of lightning,
The men jumped as the bridge sparked and became terribly frightening.

Even more so when the bridge came alive,
As the broiling figure of Paul started to stive.

For recompense that he sought so dearly.
The path ahead he could see so clearly.

He began pushing the car towards the chasm,
Troy and John screamed as their bodies contorted and spasmed.

Paul heaved and bellowed with smoke filled breath,
"Troy, John, welcome to your death"...

To this day travelers say to avoid crossing that path.
For if they do fiery figures appear and unleash their vengeful wrath.

If given the choice, what would you do?
Believe that many stories are fake, or trust some legends are true.